

Dog's Death

By John Updike

She must have been kicked unseen or brushed by a car.
Too young to know much, she was beginning to learn
To use the newspapers spread on the kitchen floor
And to win, wetting there, the words, "Good dog! Good dog!"

We thought her shy malaise was a shot reaction.
The autopsy disclosed a rupture in her liver.
As we teased her with play, blood was filling her skin
And her heart was learning to lie down forever.
Monday morning, as the children were noisily fed

And sent to school, she crawled beneath the youngest's bed.
We found her twisted and limp but still alive.
In the car to the vet's, on my lap, she tried
To bite my hand and died. I stroked her warm fur
And my wife called in a voice imperious with tears.

Though surrounded by love that would have upheld her,
Nevertheless she sank and, stiffening, disappeared.
Back home, we found that in the night her frame,
Drawing near to dissolution, had endured the shame

Of diarrhea and had dragged across the floor
To a newspaper carelessly left there. Good dog.

SONNET

by DENISE RODGERS

The sonnet form is old and full of dust
And yet I want to learn to write one well.
To learn new forms and grow is quite a must,
But I will learn it quickly, I can tell.

And so I sit, today, with pen in hand,
Composing three new quatrains with a rhyme.
The rhythm flows like wind at my command.
The A-B-A-B form consumes my time.

But I'm not done until there's fourteen lines.
One ending couplet, after three quatrains.
I've tried to write this new form several times.
The effort's huge; I have to rack my brain.

But I persist, my fourteen lines now done.
I wrote my poem; my sonnet work is won.

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From the Dark Tower

by Countee Cullen

We shall not always plant while others reap
The golden increment of bursting fruit,
Not always countenance, abject and mute
That lesser men should hold their brothers cheap;
Not everlastingly while others sleep
Shall we beguile their limbs with mellow flute,
Not always bend to some more subtle brute;
We were not made eternally to weep.

The night whose sable breast relieves the stark
White stars is no less lovely being dark,
And there are buds that cannot bloom at all
In light, but crumple, piteous, and fall;
So in the dark we hide the heart that bleeds,
And wait, and tend our agonizing seeds.

Red Blushed And All Cut Up

By Paul McCann

Talking to myself there
Someone had overheard.
I was lost for a word.
There was nothing to share.
Embarrassed I was there.
Left awkward and absurd .
A broken wingless bird.
With nowhere to fly there.
Caught red faced there was I.
Didn't want to be seen.
I just wanted to die.
I just wanted to scream.
I'm so terribly shy.
Lost for words it would seem.

SONNETS MADE EASY

A **sonnet** is a poem whose structure and content meet specific standards. Its success relies on exactness and perfection of expression. It is an art form that truly challenges a poet's artistry and skill.

Structure:

In general, a sonnet is a fourteen-line poem where each line is written in a particular musical rhythm called **iambic pentameter**. In addition, these fourteen lines have to conform to a specific rhyme scheme.

Don't be confused or put off by the term **iambic pentameter**. An iamb is simply a two-syllable unit of sound where the first syllable is unaccented and the second is accented. Words like *today*, *forget*, and *garage* are iambs. If you say these words aloud, you will notice that you accent the second syllable more strongly than the first.

Pentameter means *measure* (meter) of *five* (penta). So iambic pentameter simply means five iambs to each line. Check this line out: "Today I will forget to weep for you" Can you identify the five iambs.

On to rhyme scheme: Rhyme scheme simply means the pattern made by the ending sounds of each line.

Consider this:

Please listen to my voice above them all,

So you, my friend, be spared the pain and grief

Of failing, falling hard against that wall

Which makes a time of happiness so brief.

We mark the rhyme scheme of a poem by using the alphabet. The first line's ending sound is given the letter "A." Any similar ending sounds in that poem

also are given the letter “A.” The next new end-of-the-line sound is given the letter “B,” the next “C,” and so on. The four lines above have the rhyme scheme A,B,A,B. See!

Since there are two major types of sonnets—the **Petrarchan** (or *Italian*) and **Shakespearean** (or *English* or *Elizabethan*)—there are two major rhyme schemes.

Taken from:

<http://users.scc.spokane.edu/jroth/courses/literature%20131/poetry%20chest%20files/sonnets%20made%20easy.htm>

An interactive site that is great...(focus more on the Shakespearean example though....) is:

<http://www.cranberrydesigns.com/poetry/sonnet/examples.htm>

Definitions of words:

****Someone can add these words/definitions to the wikispace! That would be AWESOME!**

Meter (noun):

- a. The measured arrangement of words in poetry, as by accentual rhythm, syllabic quantity, or the number of syllables in a line.
- b. A particular arrangement of words in poetry, such as iambic pentameter, determined by the kind and number of metrical units in a line.
- c. The rhythmic pattern of a stanza, determined by the kind and number of lines.

Stanza (noun):

an arrangement of a certain number of lines, usually four or more, sometimes having a fixed length, meter, or rhyme scheme, forming a division of a poem.

Rhyme Scheme:

the way the rhymes are arranged in a poem, a constant pattern amongst stanzas (aabb,aabb) or (ababc, ababc).

Iambic Pentameter:

an “iamb” is a pair of unstressed/stressed syllables in a meter of poetry. Penta means “5.” SO, iambic pentameter is 5 sets of unstressed/stressed syllables that make up one line or meter of poetry.